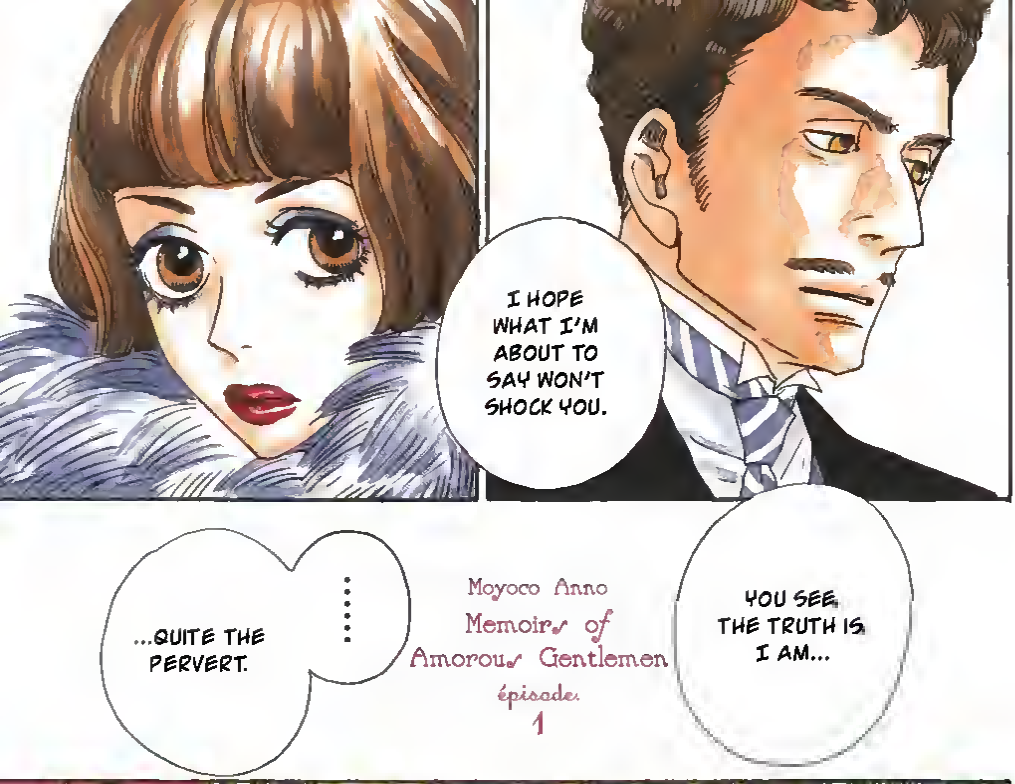


YOU SEE, THE TRUTH IS, I AM...

.....

...QUITE THE PERVERT.

Moyoco Anno

Memoirs of Amorous Gentlemen

épisode 1

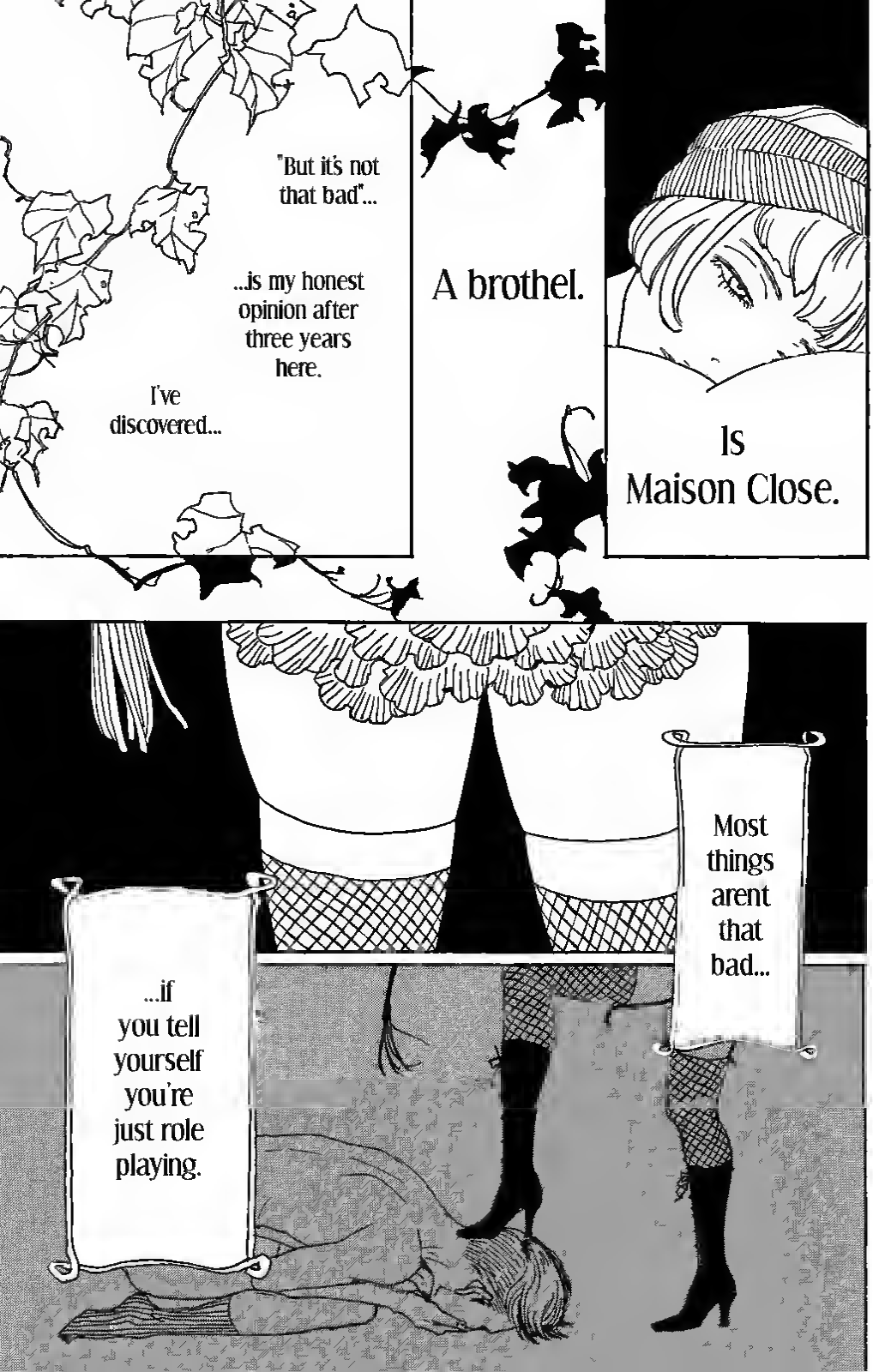
EVERYONE HERE IS!

NO NEED TO WORRY.
BUT MY PERVERSION IS IN A DIFFERENT LEAGUE ENTIRELY.
I UNDERSTAND! THE WHIPS AND THE ROPES ARE CERTAINLY ENJOYABLE.
MM, HA HA.
YES, THE SEIM... THING.
IT'S PEOPLE WHO THINK THEY'RE WEIRD WHO OFTEN PROVE TO BE ASTONISHINGLY AVERAGE.
MONSIEUR, HAVE YOU TAKEN A FANCY TO OUR COLETTE?
MY, MY, MY!
THE REALLY FREAKY ONES ARE ALWAYS THE ONES WHO ARE ABSOLUTELY CERTAIN THEY'RE NORMAL!
AND YOU SEE?
MM...
Possibly...

WOULD YOU LIKE TO TAKE HER UPSTAIRS?
SHE'S A POPULAR GIRL.
HER SKIN IS SOFT AND PALE AS PORCELAIN... THE SENSATION IS EXCEPTIONAL.
AND SHE'S A WOMAN WHO CAN TAKE CARE OF ANYTHING YOU DESIRE.
MADAME! IF YOU DO NOT OBJECT...
I WOULD LIKE TO REQUEST YOUR COMPANY!
Perverts...

COLETTE, TOO BRIGHT!
...OF A VASE OF FLOWERS
...like a blind man using both hands to measure the shape...
...are people who know the true shape of their desires.
They have carefully traced those contours...
OH, SORRY, MIGNOT.
CAN YOU TURN THAT LIGHT OFF?
WHAT ARE YOU WRITING, ANYWAY?
A DIARY, I GUESS?
WHAT I MADE AND SPENT TODAY.
RECORDS OF MY CLIENTS.

TODAY I HAD ONE THAT WAS OLD, THEN THAT THREESOME GUY...
THE OLD MAN LIKES TO ACT LIKE A BABY, DRINK MILK, AND PEE IN HIS DIAPER.
I FORGET WHAT THEY LIKE, SO I WRITE IT DOWN AND USE IT THE NEXT TIME.
THAT'S RIGHT, AND YESTERDAY I HAD ONE WHO LIKED TO WRAP HIMSELF IN BANDAGES, LEAVING ONLY HIS DICK SHOWING.
THEY'RE ALL NUTS.
This...
NOW, GO TO SLEEP.
WE'VE GOT TO EARN TOMORROW.

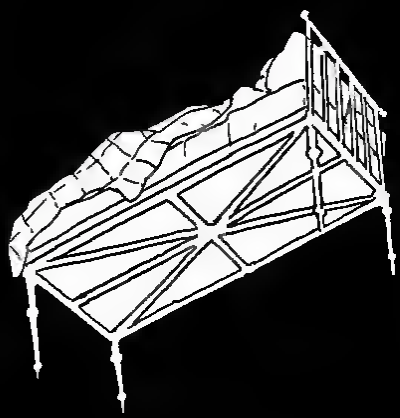

"But it's not that bad"...
...is my honest opinion after three years here.
I've discovered...
A brothel.
Is Maison Close.
Most things arent that bad...
...if you tell yourself you're just role playing.

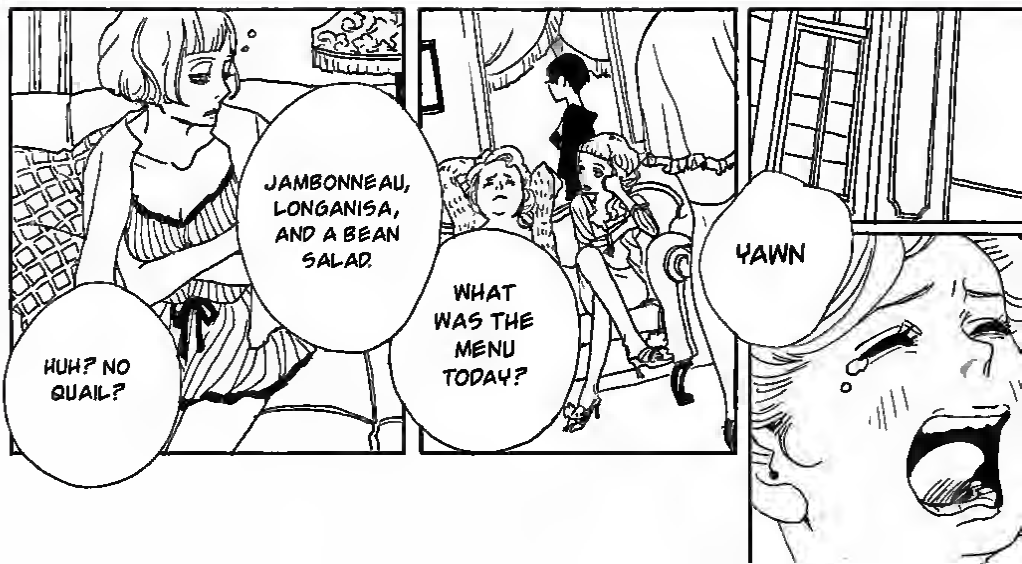
Anxiousness.

Then I just bury my head in a pillow and sleep.

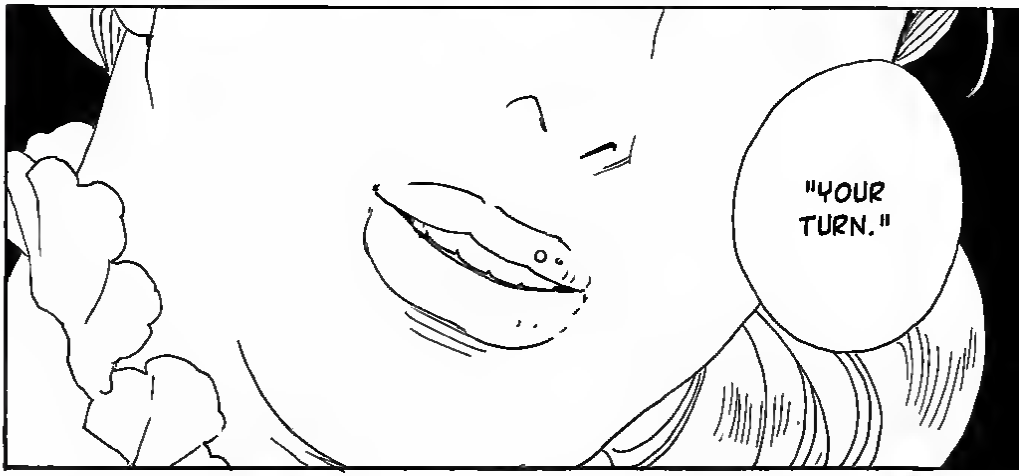
Like a hole inside me.

Occasionally behind it all I sense...





HEY, COLETTE. YESTERDAY...
YOU WERE IN THAT THREESOME...
...WITH THE MADAME, RIGHT? HOW WAS SHE?
SADLY, IT WASN'T LIKE THAT.
AND IT WAS A FOURSOME.
HUH? HOW'S THAT WORK?
"THE MADAME CAN JUST STAND THERE," HE SAID.
HE ADMIRED HER LIKE A BEAUTIFUL ROSE, OR A VASE, OR A PERSIAN CARPET.
WHEN I WAS A CHILD, MY FATHER FORCED ME TO POLISH HIS HEAD.



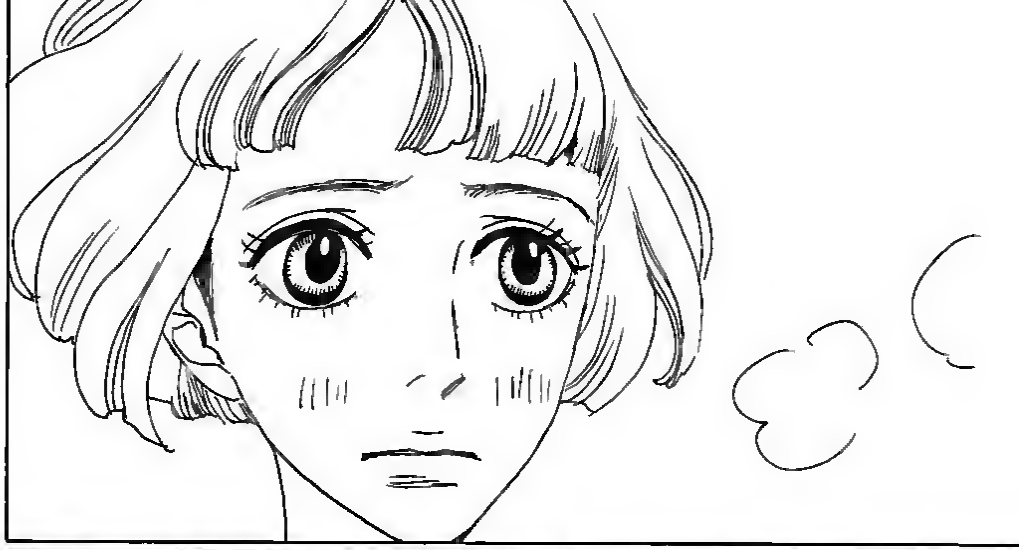
I would kneel down behind my father's chair.

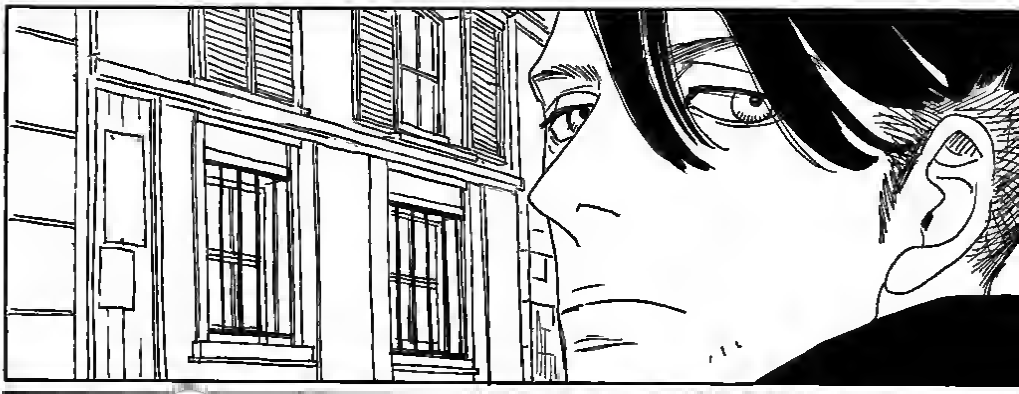
I'd gaze down at his head.

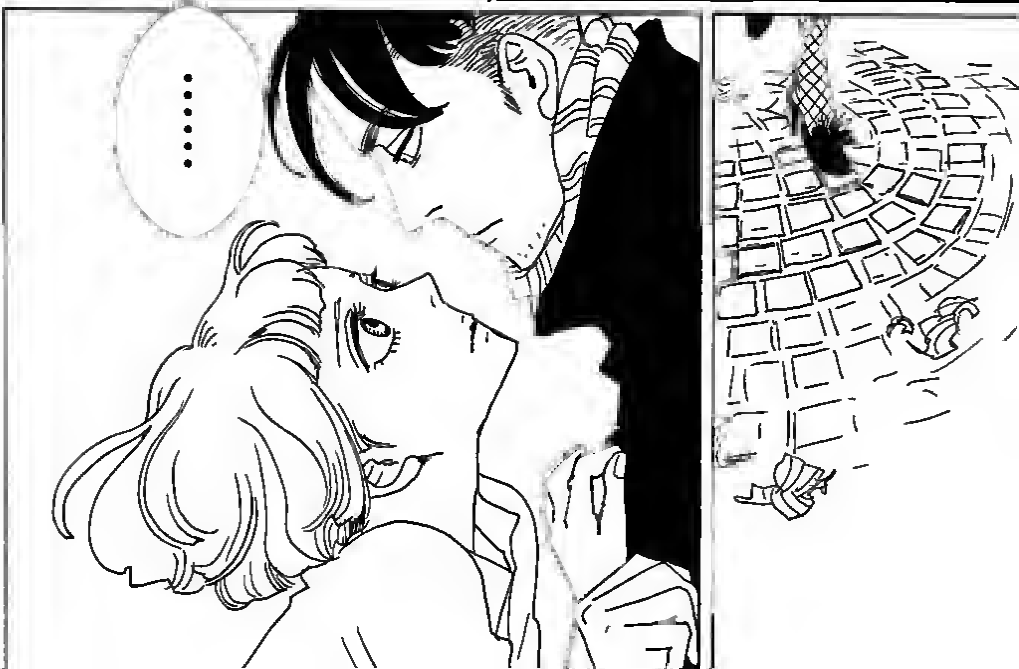
The chair would thump hollowly against the stone floor.
I would polish his head rhythmically...
...making the cloth squeak with each pass.
Soon my knees would begin to hurt.
MY KNEECAPS WERE PRESSED AGAINST THE EDGE OF THE SEAT.
MOVING THEM EARNED ME ONLY A MOMENT'S RESPITE.
PAIN, YOU SEE...
IT GETS WORSE EACH TIME IT RECURS.
I COULDN'T STAND IT, AND BEGGED MY FATHER.
"IT HURTS. MIGHT I HAVE A CUSHION FOR MY KNEES?"
HIS ANSWER WAS ALWAYS THE SAME.

DON'T WORRY, EDGAR!
SOON, YOU'LL ENJOY IT!
AH HA
HA HA
ACTUALLY, I'M KIND OF IN LOVE WITH THAT DAD.
WHAT A TOTAL PERVERT!
HOW DOES THAT WORK?!

ガタ
THNK
WHAT IS IT?
COLETTE?
LUCKY.
LEON, OF COURSE.
WHAT?
SLAM
バタン
I'M JEALOUS THIS TIME.
EVEN SO...
BUT THEY'RE HUNG!
MOST GIGOLOS ARE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING LAYABOUTS.
HE'S A GOOD-FOR-NOTHING LAYABOUT DRUNK GIGOLO!
LUCKY MY FOOT!







WHAT?
LEON, YOU...
...YOU WERE GOING TO TALK ABOUT MONEY.
ONLY YOUNG WHORES LEAD PEOPLE ON ONLY TO PUSH THEM AWAY.
.....
COLETTE...

THAT'S NOT MY INTENT AT ALL.
BUT THIS MONTH I'VE NO TIME TO SPARE— I HAVE TO WORK TO EAT.
HULOT HAS A SURE BET FOR 20,000 FRANCS AND I'M DESPERATE TO BUY IN.
YET HERE I AM, COME TO SEE YOU!
.....
So it is money.
HOW MUCH?
FORGET IT. I DON'T NEED A SINGLE SOU.
BUT IF YOU INSIST...
What a pain.

And he spends it on booze, gambling, leather gloves, new coats.
YOU NEED IT, RIGHT?
20,000 WOULD LET YOU FOCUS ON WORK.
NOT AT ALL, COLETTE.
We talk in circles, and he coaxes the money out of me.
I WASN'T GOING TO MENTION IT...
BUT I COULD PAY OFF YOUR DEBTS, MAKE YOU A FREE WOMAN.

I don't believe it...
He's never...
HUH?
!!
WHAT DID YOU SAY?
This can't be true.
He's never mentioned spending anything on me.
ARE YOU SERIOUS, LEON?
I don't care if he's lying.
Oh...
I'M SERIOUS.

MY LITTLE BUTTERFLY...
LET'S GO TO VENICE TOGETHER.
The light filtering past the grey winter mountains may have been no more than a sputtering matchstick...

20 IS...
..TOO MUCH, BUT I COULD MANAGE ONE THOUSAND..
But it was enough to blind me.
COLETTE.
I LOVE YOU.

I'm done for.
SWISH
WAIT!
I'LL ASK THE MADAME TO ADVANCE ME THIS WEEK'S PAY.
I'LL BE BACK SOON.
I haven't paid last week's laundry bill, and a thousand francs?
You aren't dressed yet?
I have to settle that while getting ready in this chaos?
AH!
A FOOL!
I HAVE FOUND A FOOL!

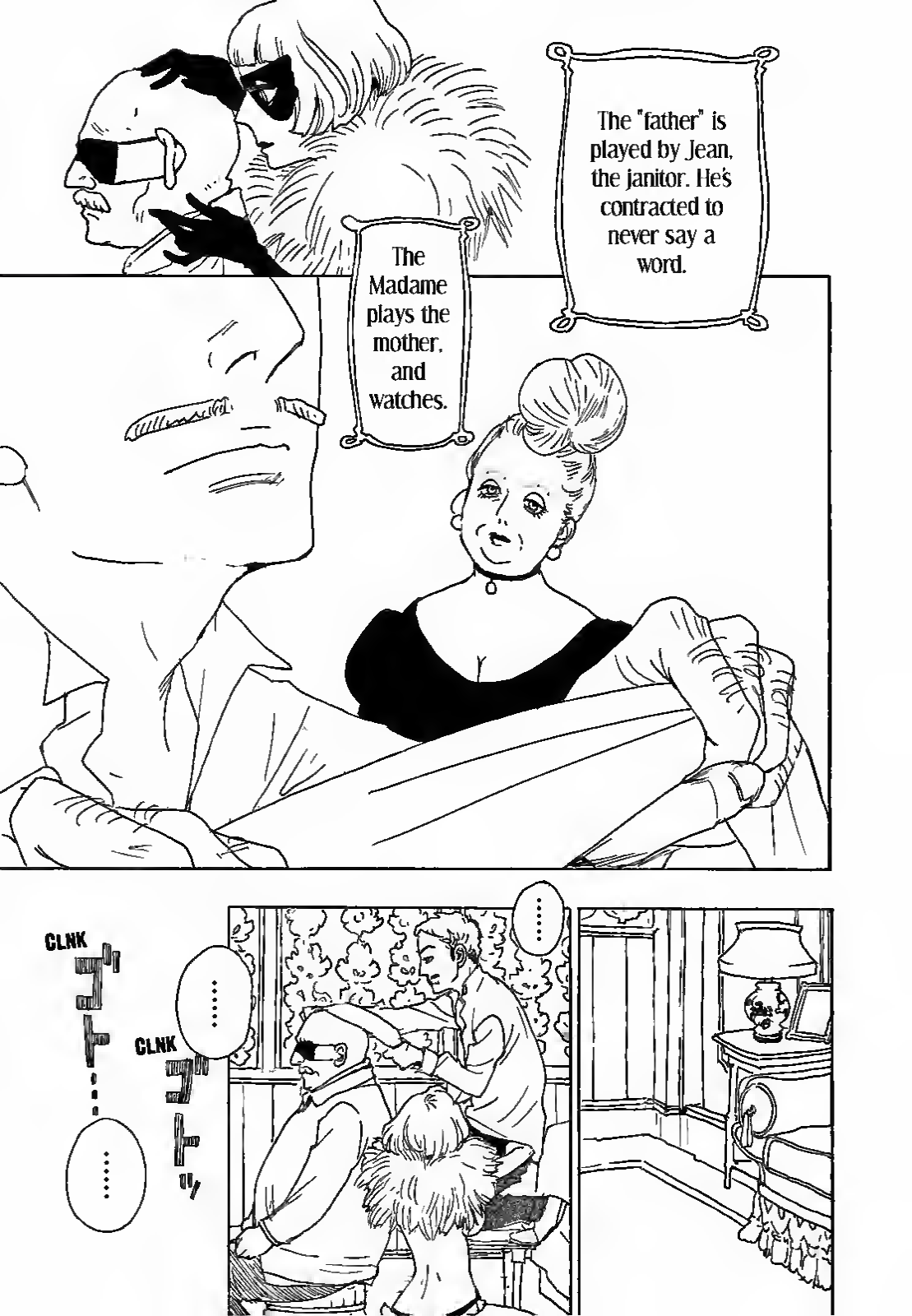
IT'S A MESS.
LOOK!
I WON'T. LOOK AT THE BACK OF MY HEAD!
SHUT UP.
YOU'RE GIVING A MAN MONEY AGAIN?!
I'M CERTAIN THE SKIN ON THE BACK IS HALF TORN...
...NO, ALL TORN AWAY!
IT ISN'T.
IT'S STILL THERE.
BUT NOT MUCH OF IT!
EVERY MAN I BED WHITTLES IT AWAY A LITTLE MORE!
BIT BY BIT MY HEAD AND BODY GROW THINNER!

...when reality proves too much to bear.
SOON...
THEY'RE SLOWLY SHAVING ME AWAY
...escapes into fantasy...
Carmen...
I'LL DISAPPEAR.
Without waking...
I CAN'T DISAP-PEAR.
I COULDN'T SEE HIM THEN.
...I waft through the brothel...
Like purple...
...smoke.
Mingling with the madness

WELCOME TO THE NIGHT EGG.
MY, MY, MONSIEUR WILLY.
OH!
THERE YOU ARE, COLETTE.
I HAD A FAVOR TO ASK. ABOUT MONEY.
LEON'S WAITING OUTSIDE.
THAT'S A SHAME. YOU'VE GOT A CUSTOMER.
Like an aura.

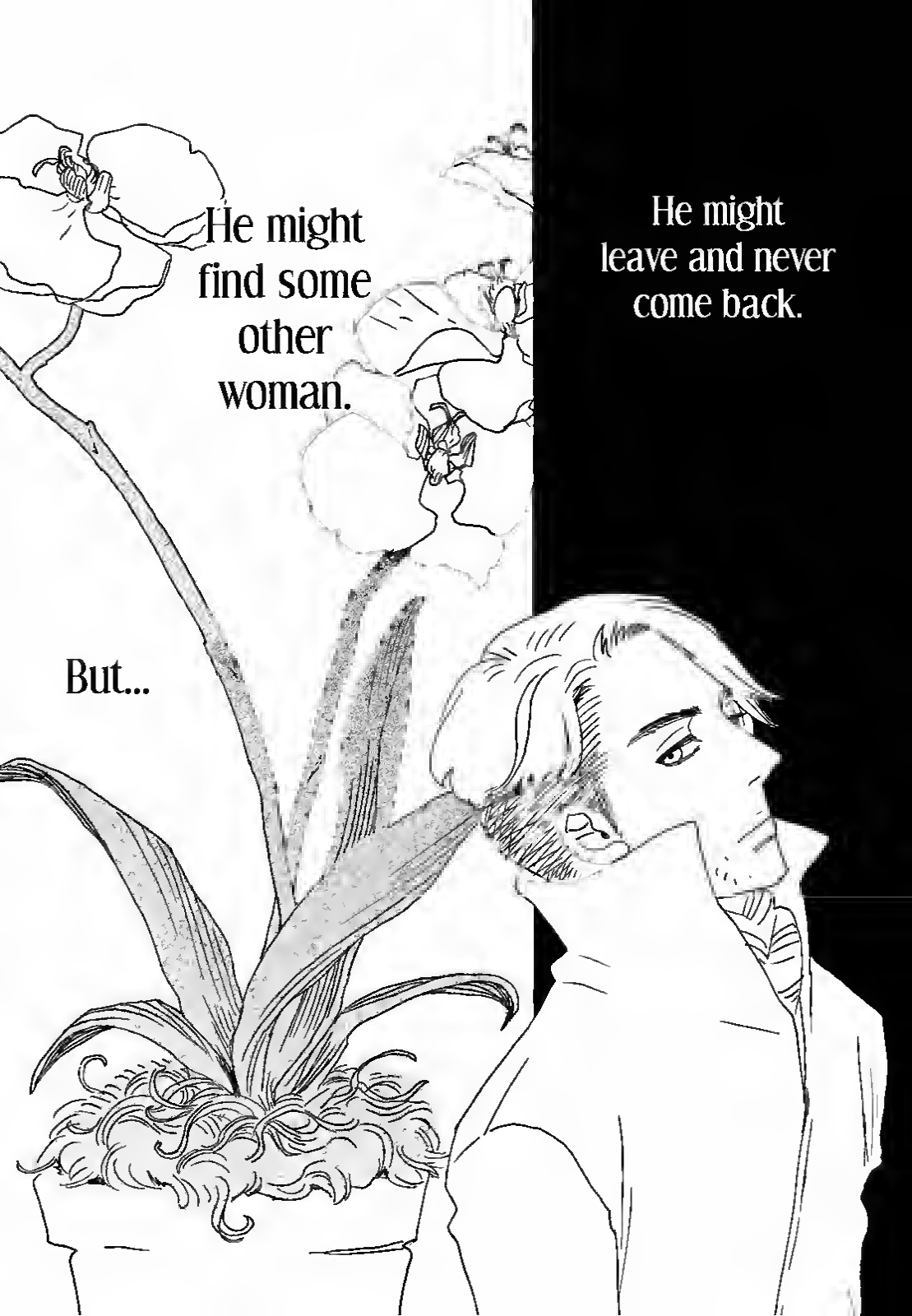
An aura that creates stories.

These stories have parts.
The players take the back stairs to reach the stage...
...to create a perfect illusion for the clients.


The "father" is played by Jean, the janitor. He's contracted to never say a word.
The Madame plays the mother, and watches.
CLNK
CLNK

THNK
THNK
THNK
THNK
HAHH...
HOW'S THIS FOR POLISHING?!
DAMMIT!
And I am the whore who keeps her gigolo waiting.

If I don't please this customer quickly, Leon might leave before I hand him the money.


He might find some other woman.
He might leave and never come back.
But...

...is the role I've chosen to play.

I think this...